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1076. E
ROBERT the III,
King of Scotland, F

His Answer to a Summonds sent by

HENRY the IV,
Of England,

To do Homage for the

CROWN of SCOTLAND.



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ROBERT the III King of
Scotland, His Answer to a
Summonds sent Him by
Henry the IV of **England**,
to do Homage for the
Crown of **Scotland**.

During the Reign of the Royal **Robert**,
The second of the good **Stewart** ;
~~Henrie of England~~ the feard King
To **Scotland** sent and ask'd this thing ;
To spier at **Robert**, Why he not made
Him Homage for his Lands braid,
For why he ought of Heretage,
At **London** to do him Homage ;
And that in Right of **Brutus** King,
Who had **England** in Governing.
Why then caused he through his Guilt
So meikle fabless Blood be spilt.
When King **Robert** wise and wight,
Had heard and seen this writ be sight ;

There

Therfor he grew full matalent
 To tell his Barrons, of his intent,
 He called a Council to *Stirling Town*
 And there came Lords of great renown
 And at them all he asked of it
 If he should answer be his awne wit,
 The Lords were all faine of that thing,
 And referred it to their Noble King;
 So without Council of onie man,
 To Dyte and Waire the King began.
 This was the effect of his Writting,
 All is sooth and na Liefing.

“ I *Robert* be God's Might
 King of the *Scots* and *Isles* be Right,
 From hight of Hills to the Ocean *Sea*:
 Our Heretage was ever free;
 To thee *Hary* of *Lancaster*,
 Thy 'Pyttle I have considered well,
 Duke of that *Ilk* thou should be cal'd,
 It was thy righteous Style of auld,
 But nae King I will call thee,
 For hurting of Kings Majestie;
 For I will take nae heeding
 Of they unrighteous Invading;
 For what was right (as is well known)
 Ye all defould within your awn:
 But we will do you understand

What

What we declare forment *Scotland*.
Your inward Tale we have well seen,
Baith first and last what you do mean;
Therefor thou shalt an answer have,
E'en by my self, attour the leave;
The first point is, God wittness bear,
No Blood for me be spilt in Weir,
But gif it be in my Defence,
Through thy usurping Violence.
And whereas that thou Writest thus,
Since born were Sons to Old *Brutus*,
That our Antecessours should be,
Servants to Yours in ilk Degree;
Thou Liest, thereof it is well knawn,
We was ay free within our awn.
Albeit *John Baholl* made a Band,
Contrar the Right of fair *Scotland*.
That he was false we will defend
With Lives and Fortunes to the end;
For, our Heretage was ever Free,
Since *Scota* of *Egypt* ruik the Sea,
Whilst ye have ever Conquered been:
For, a Thousand pounds of Gold schein
To *Julius Caesar* Payit yee,
Of Tribute, thus ye was, not free;
With *Saxons* syne ye were orthrawn,

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With them twa Chiftans of your awn,
 And other folks in Company
 All Soldiers Born in *Germany*,
 Came with sik power in great haft
 That made your Lands buith bair & wait;
 And flew your Gentles of *England*
 At *Salisbury* as I understand,
 In taken is the Hingind Stanes.
 That there were set up for the Nanes;
 In *Latin* is a Memorial,
 That *Saxons* had orset you all.
 Then *Harald*, the Son of *Denmark* King
 The third time raise o're you to Reign,
 And in ilk House, as is well knawn,
 You were defould within your awn;
 They Occupied your Maids and Wives,
 In Bondage thus you led your lives.
 When this was done and all by past,
 The fourth Conquest approached fast;
 A Bastard came out of *Normandy*,
 Conquest *England* all hailily;
 And yet amongst you reigns that Blood,
 And mikle uther that is nae good:
 Gif thou trows not, this true to be
 The Register Read and thou shalt see.
 Thus four times thirld and overharld
 You're

You're the great refuse of all the World ;
 Nor got thou Righteous thy self to Reigne,
 Thy awn realm kennes well this thing ;
 At *London* thou Swair in Parliament,
England ten Year thou should absent ;
 Then wast thou manifestly mansworn,
 Or ever three Years was out worn
 Thou raise Traisonably for to Reigne,
 And slew *Richard* thy Native King.
 Forsooth the Proverb tels of this,
 Whilk often times true founden is :
 Flyte with thy Neighbour, and he will tell
 All the mischiefs that thee befell.
 But *Scotland* yet I dare well say
 Was ever free unto this day,
 Nor never stranger weer'd our Crown,
 Except of late a mansworn lowne,
 That was *Langshanks* call'd *Edward*,
 Tuik on him to declare the pairt
 Between the *Bruce* and *John Balion* ;
 Then through your false illusion,
 Where that *John Baliol* had no right,
 And so took Treasonably to hauld by slight,
 Castles and Strengths of our Country
 Your *Edward* tuik most Cheatingly,
 While *William Wallace* wight and wise
 Right

Right worthily rescued us thrice ;
 Then Valiant *Bruce* right rackledy
 First tint, syne wan us worthily ;
 With him was *Graham*, and the *Douglas*
 That proved full well in many a place,
 And *Thomas Randolph* wise and wight,
 There was not then a worthier Knight,
 Then thir expelled your false Barnage,
 And fredd our Realme of all Thirlage.
 If you trow tis not of this,
 Sixty Thousand you well did miss
 At *Bannokburn* discomfist was,
 And your false King away did pass.
 Throw an inborn Traytour as was well kep'd
 In *England* free he did him send,
 Or else we then had tane your King
 Who had *England* in governing.
 When ane Year comen was and gane,
 Then *Edward* of *Carnarven*
 Discomfist he was at *Byland*
 By Messengers I understand
 Sir *Walter Stewart* then in hy
 He Chased him all openly
 Twixt *Scarborough* Castle he him chass'd
 Syne to his Host returned in hast :
 But then the Clergy of *England*
 Renewed again with stalwart Hand,

At *Newtown* as it was well knawn
 Where hastily they were orthrawn
 By the good *Dowglass*, sooth to say,
 And *Thomas Randolf* Earle of *Murray*,
 There Thirty thousand were dung to Dead
 Withouten succor or remeid;
 Syne after that, *Robert the Bruce*
 Took hail state, and could reduce
Northumberland all to himsell,
 As many Cronicles can tell.
 Then ye were fain from Weirs to cease,
 And sought by Mariage for a Peace,
 Begging our Prince the *Bruce Davie*
 On Your Dame *Jean* to play a Pavy.
 Ye made this evident, and drew a Band
 Under the great Seal of *Ingland*,
 Whilk we have plainly for to shaw,
 The verity if ye will knaw.
 All this is true, I le testifie
 And prove it on Sixty against Sixty.
 Or Fortie for Fortie, gif You like,
 Or Twentie to Twentie of ilk Kinrick,
 Or Nine, Aught, Seven, Four, Three, or Two
 Born of Antient Blood also,
 Or Hand to Hand if You think meet,
 And so Sir Duke I do you Greet.

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